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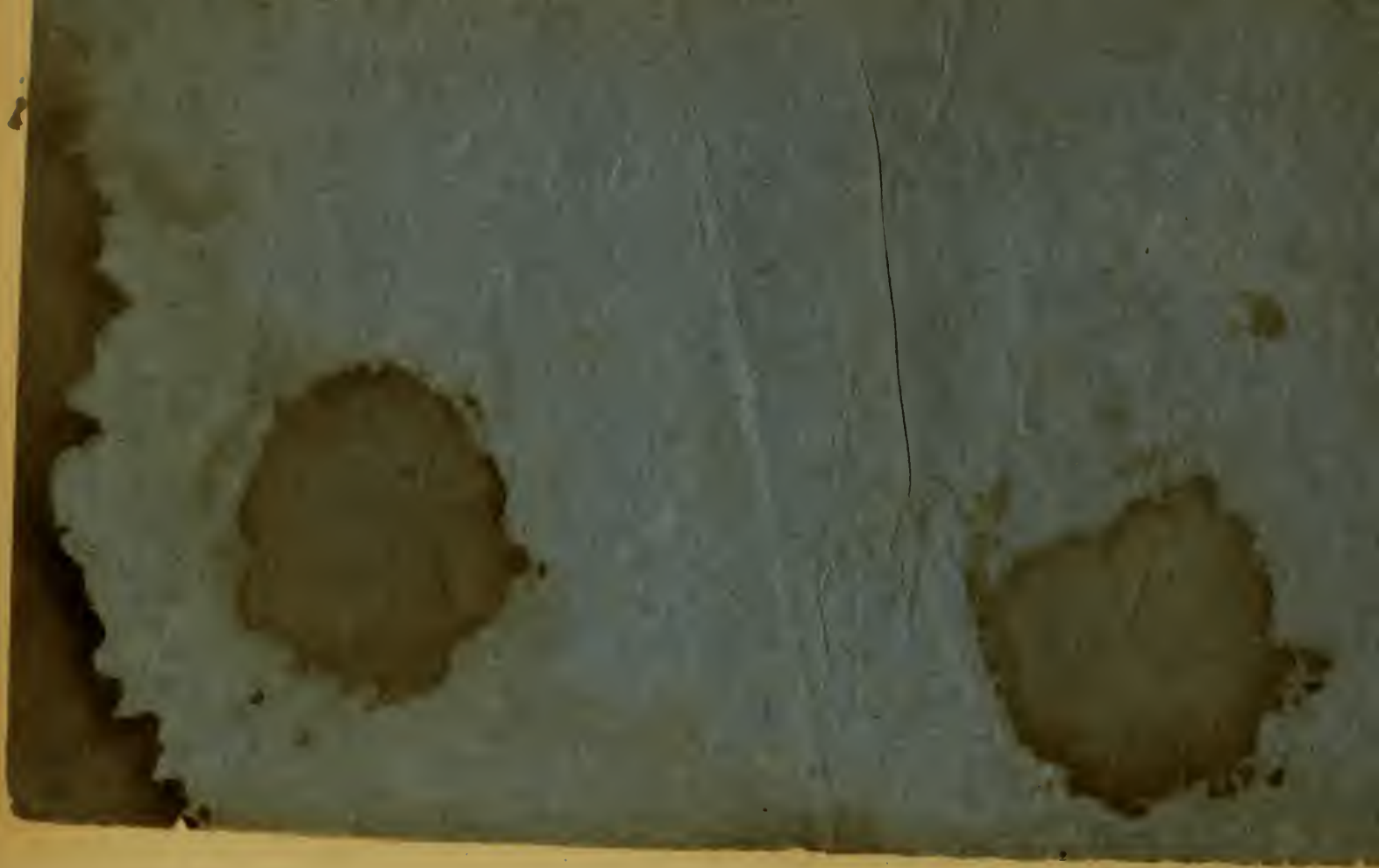


THE

MEDFORD HARMONY:

CONTAINING

AN ANTHEM FOR THANKSGIVING,

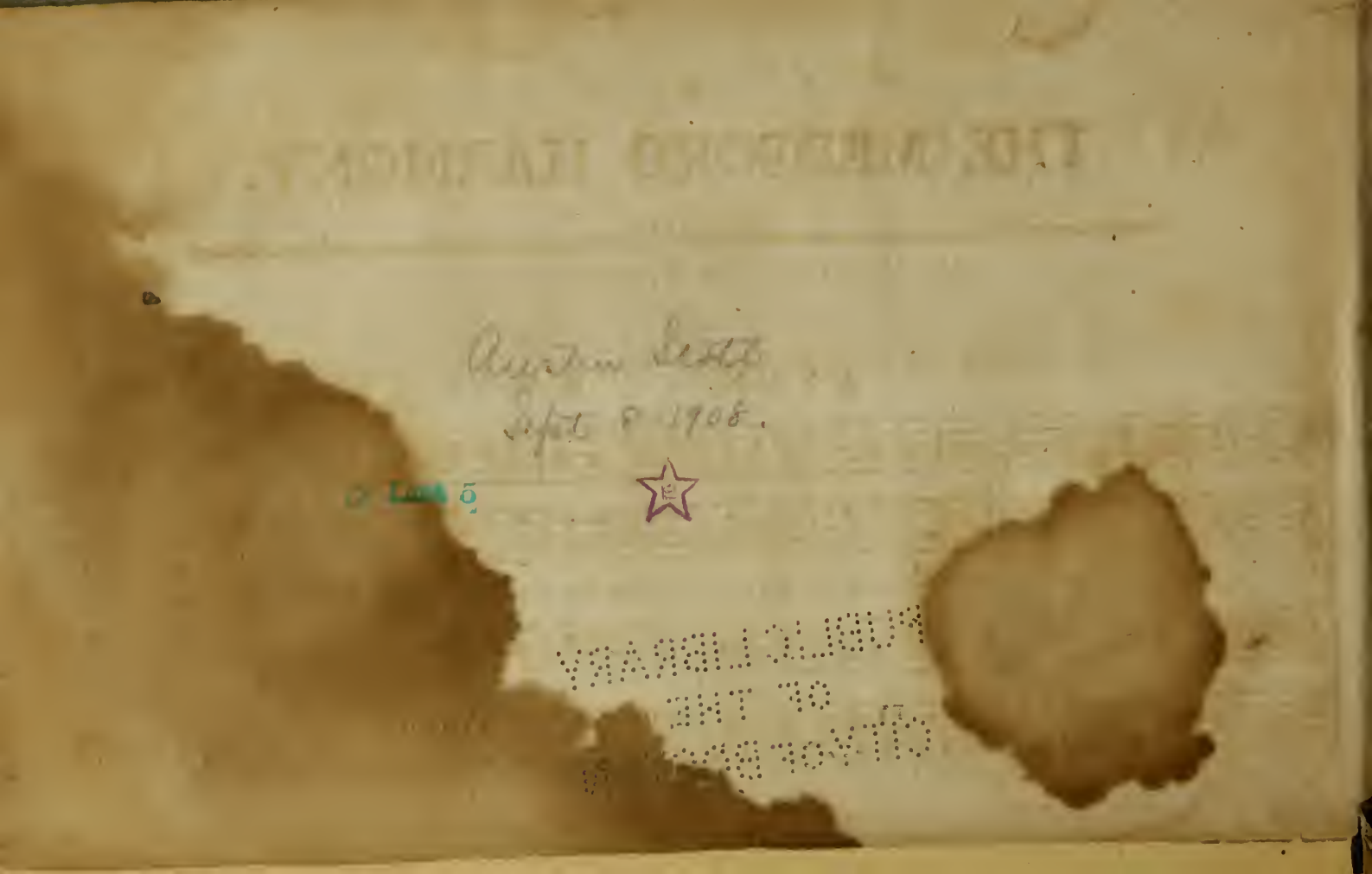
AND

A NUMBER OF PSALM TUNES FOR PUBLICK WORSHIP,

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

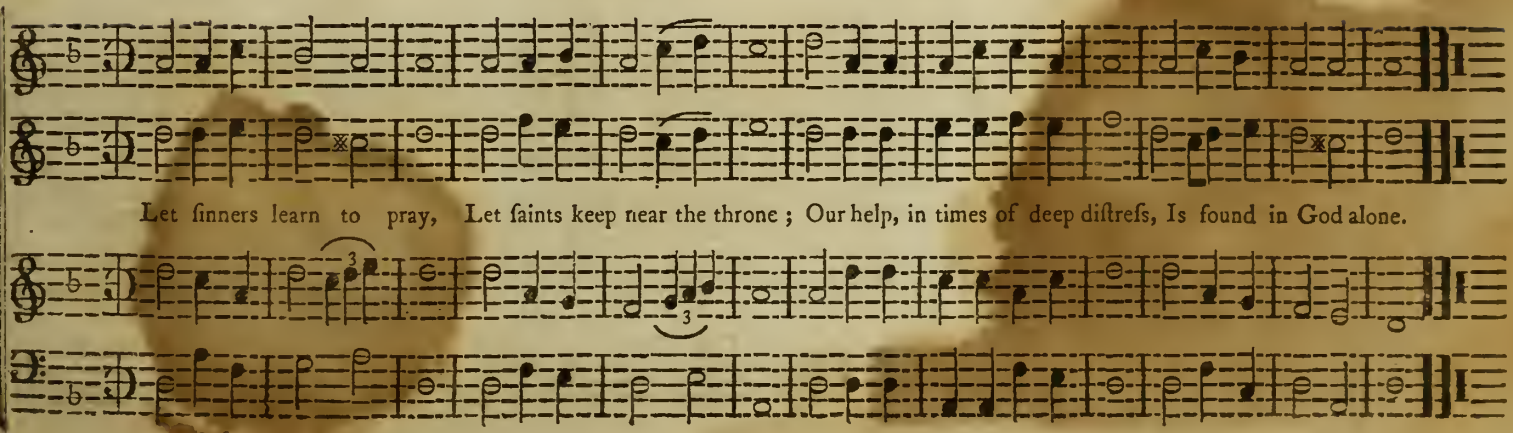
BY RUFUS FROST.

BOSTON:—PRINTED BY *J. T. BUCKINGHAM*, FOR THE AUTHOR.—Nov. 1805.

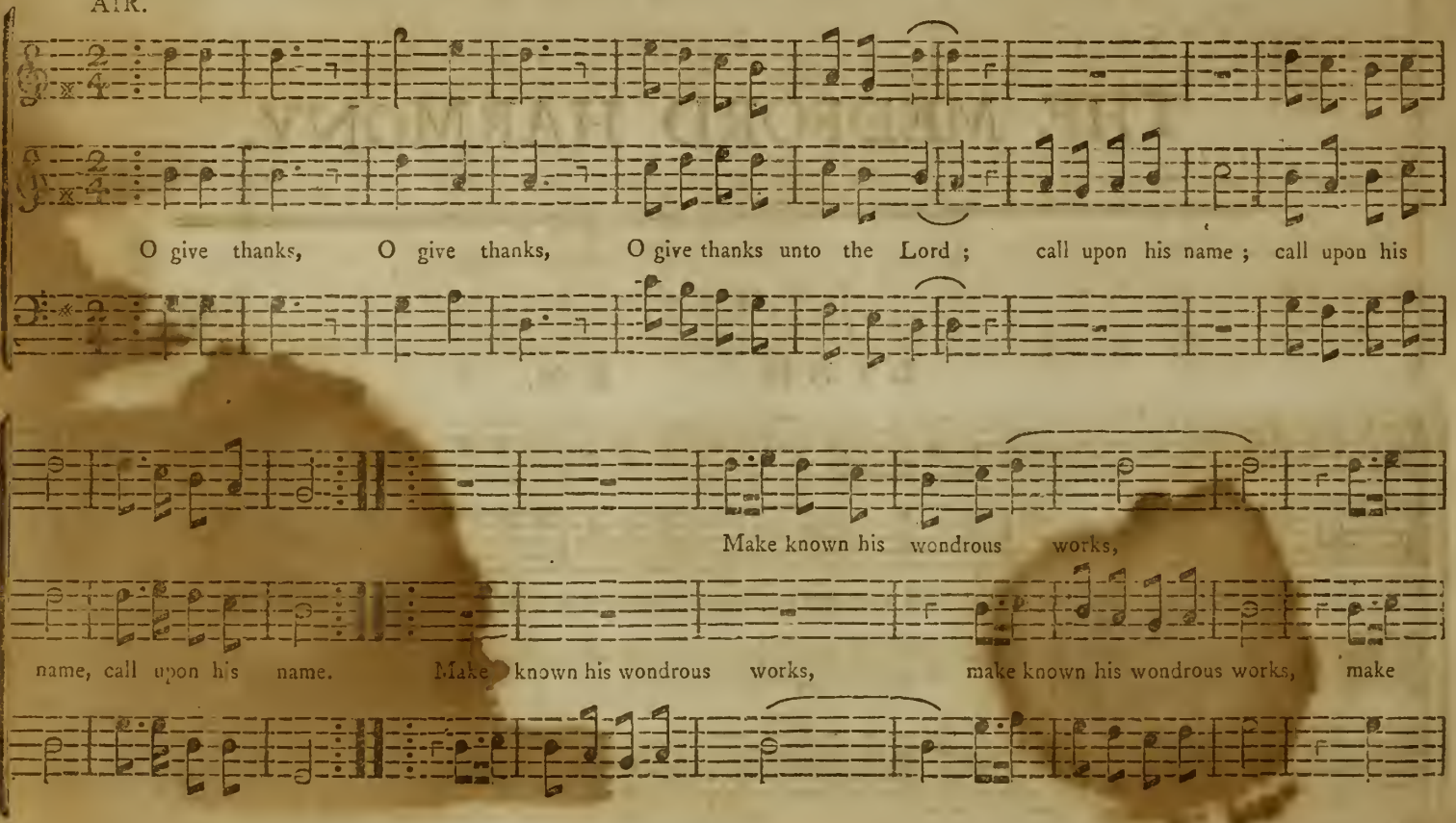
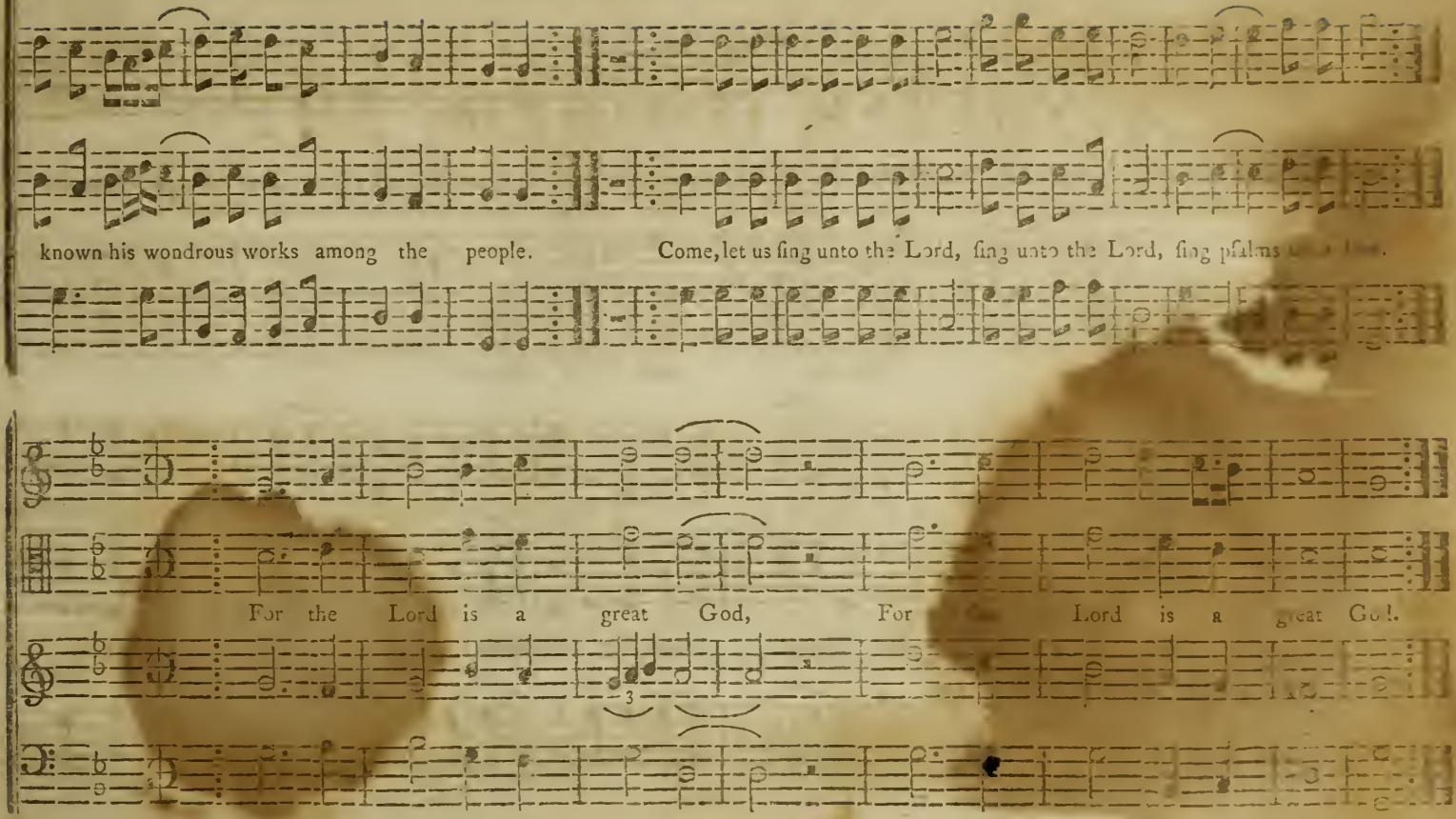


THE MEDFORD HARMONY.

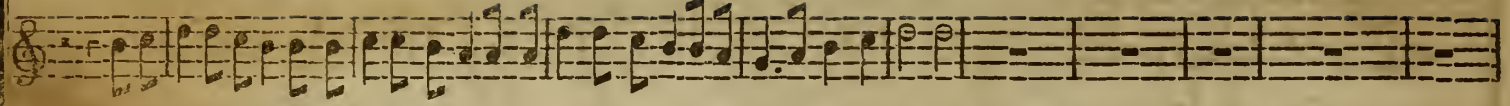
LYNN. S. M.



ANTHEM FOR THANKSGIVING.

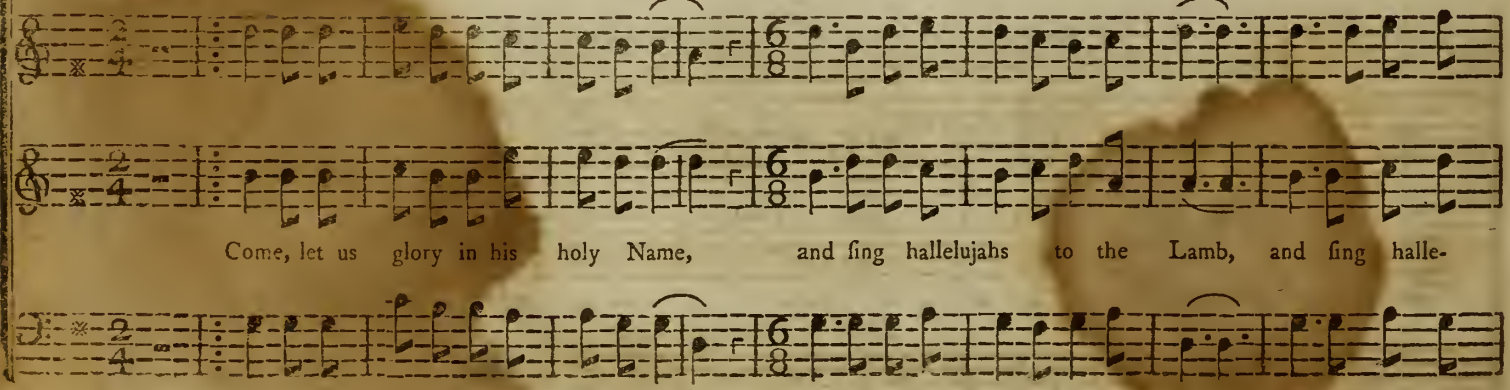
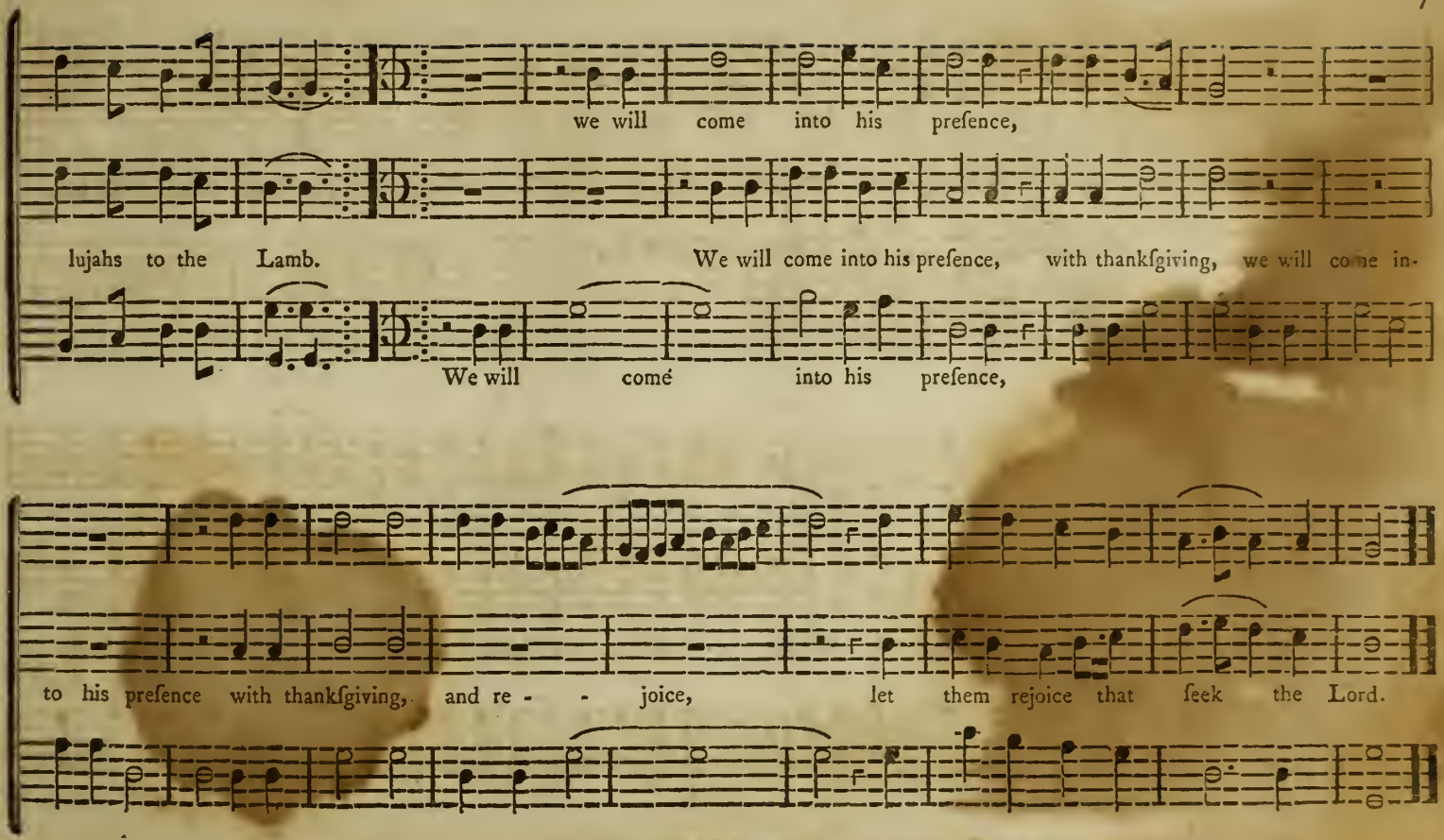
AIR.

O give thanks, O give thanks, O give thanks unto the Lord ; call upon his name ; call upon his
Make known his wondrous works,
name, call upon his name. Make known his wondrous works, make known his wondrous works, make

known his wondrous works among the people. Come, let us sing unto the Lord, sing unto the Lord, sing pſalms
For the Lord is a great God, For Lord is a great God.

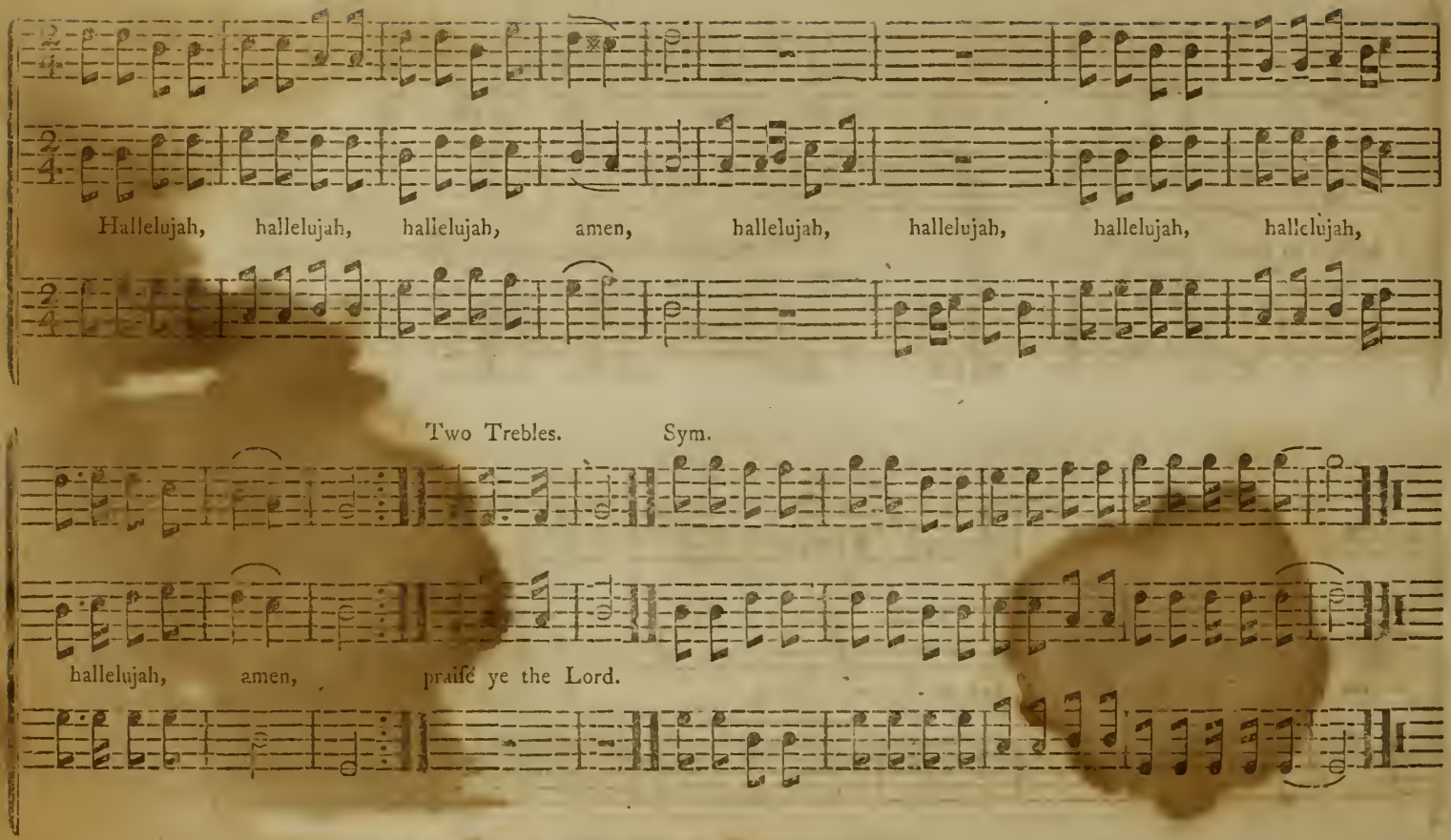
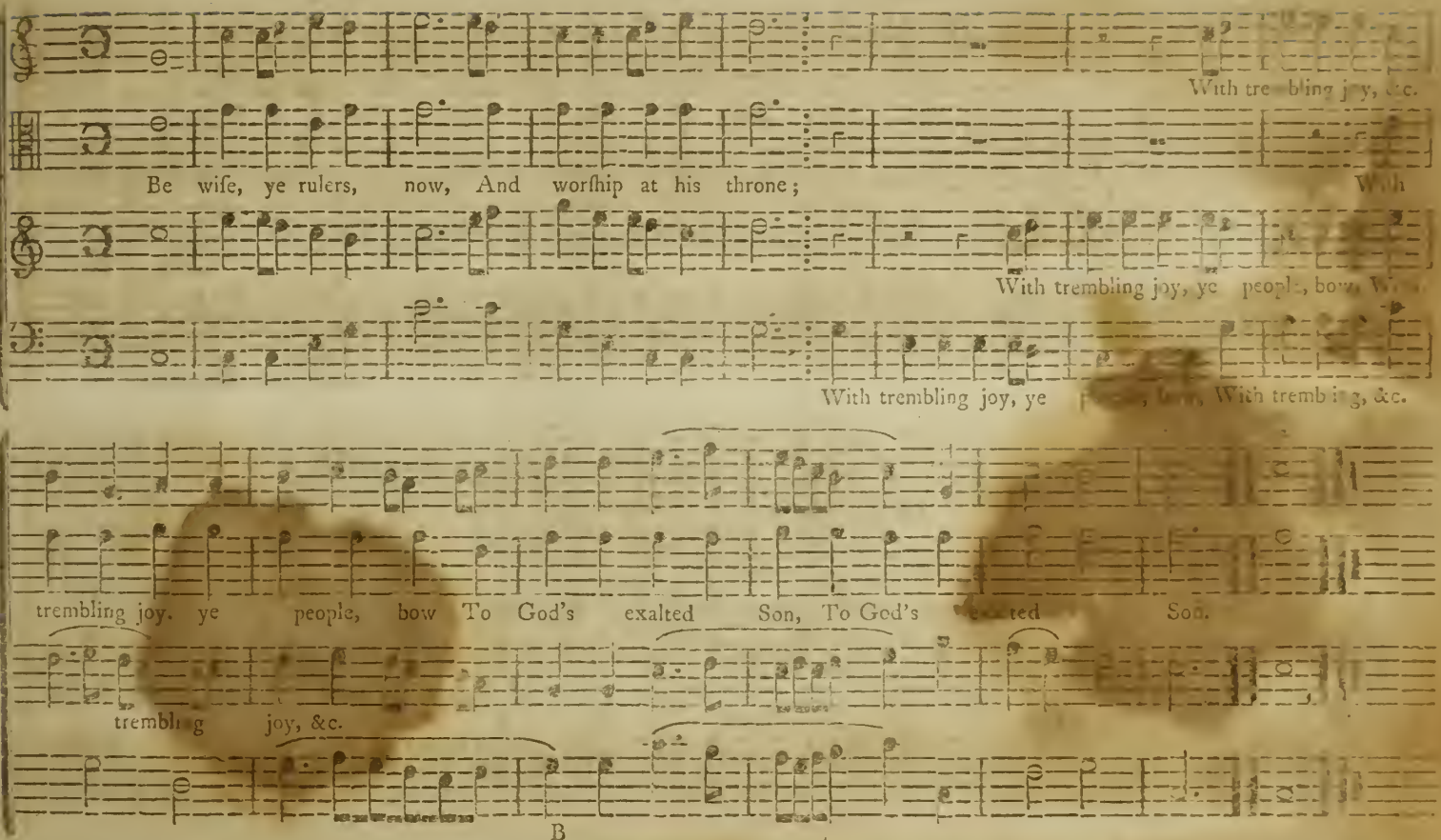
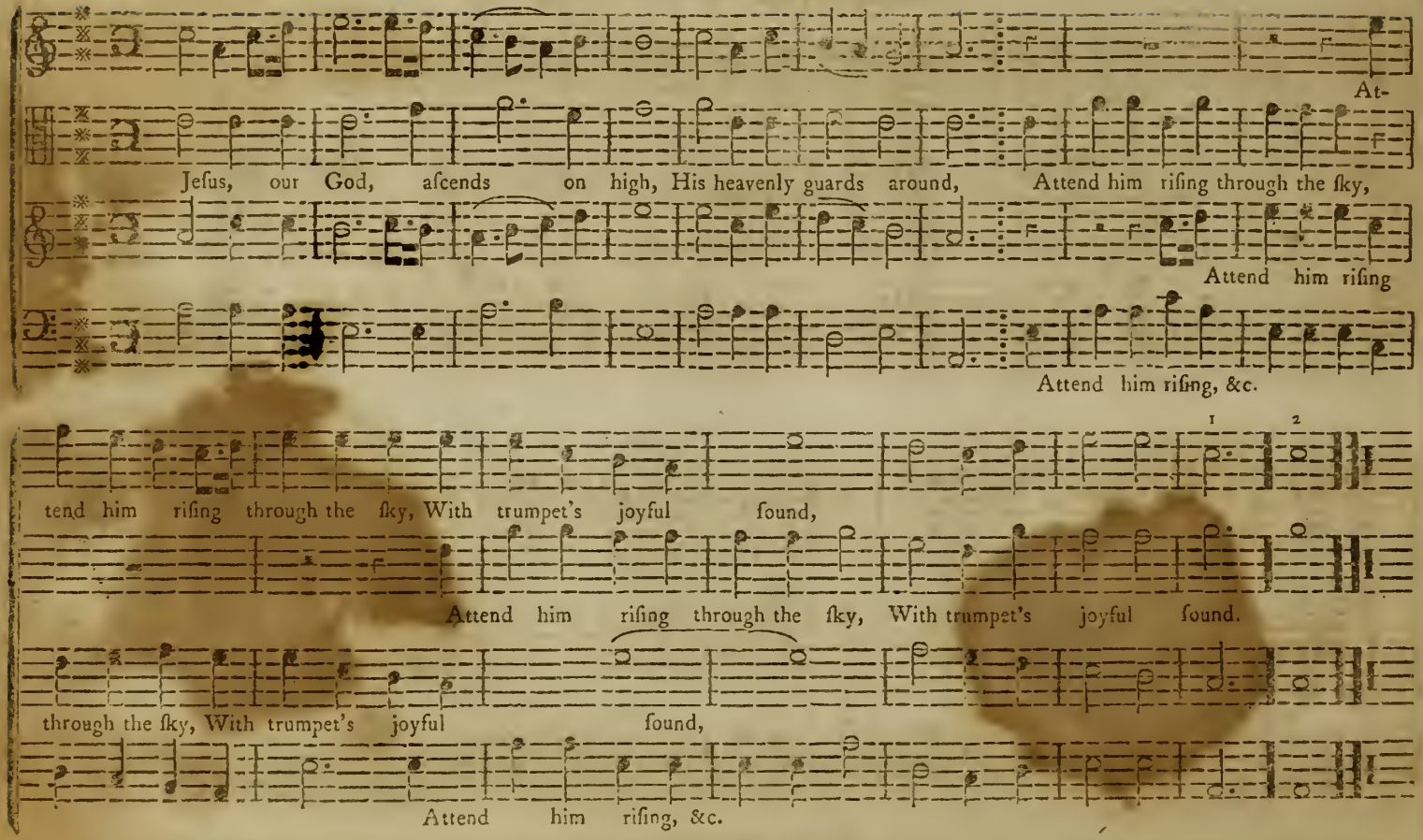
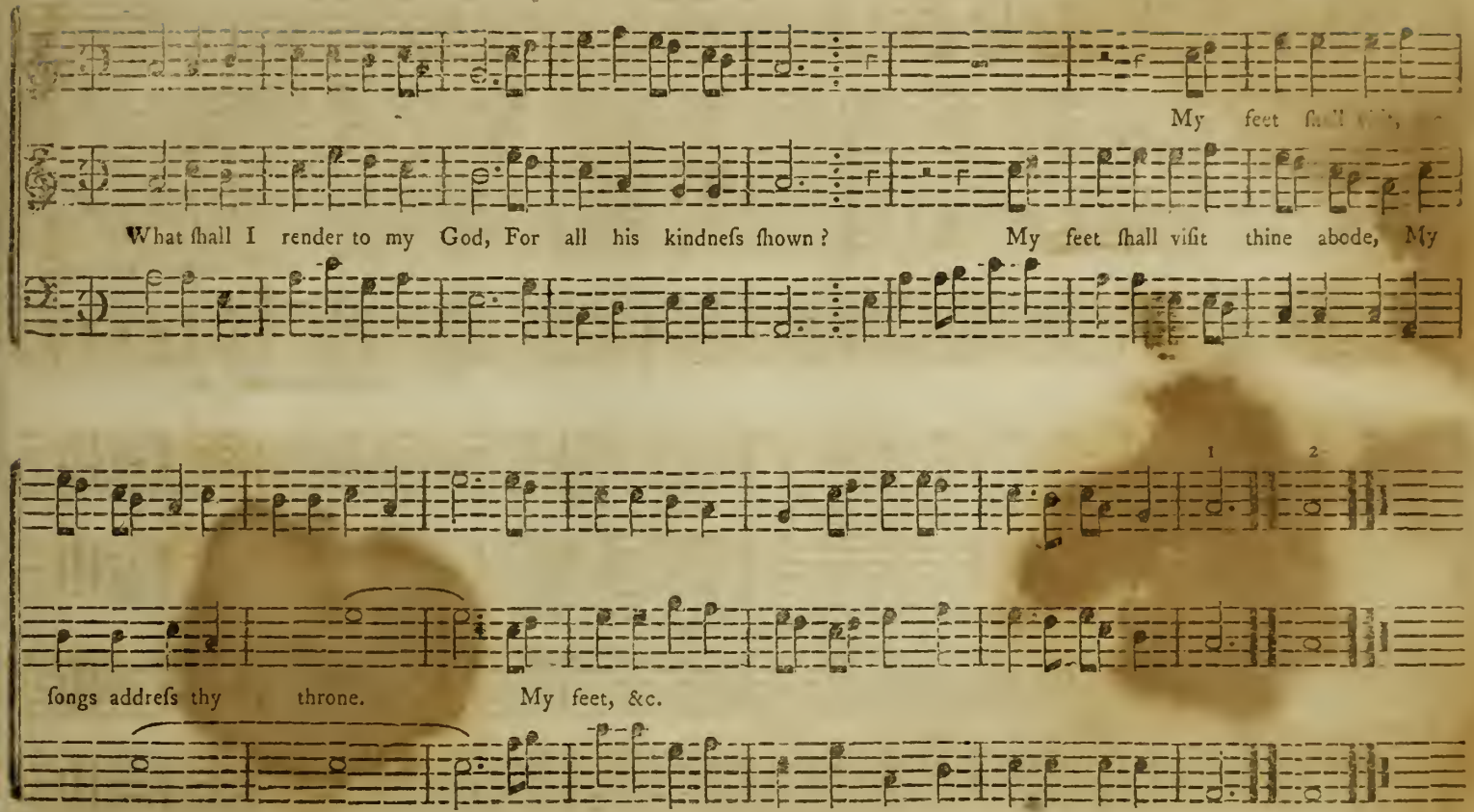
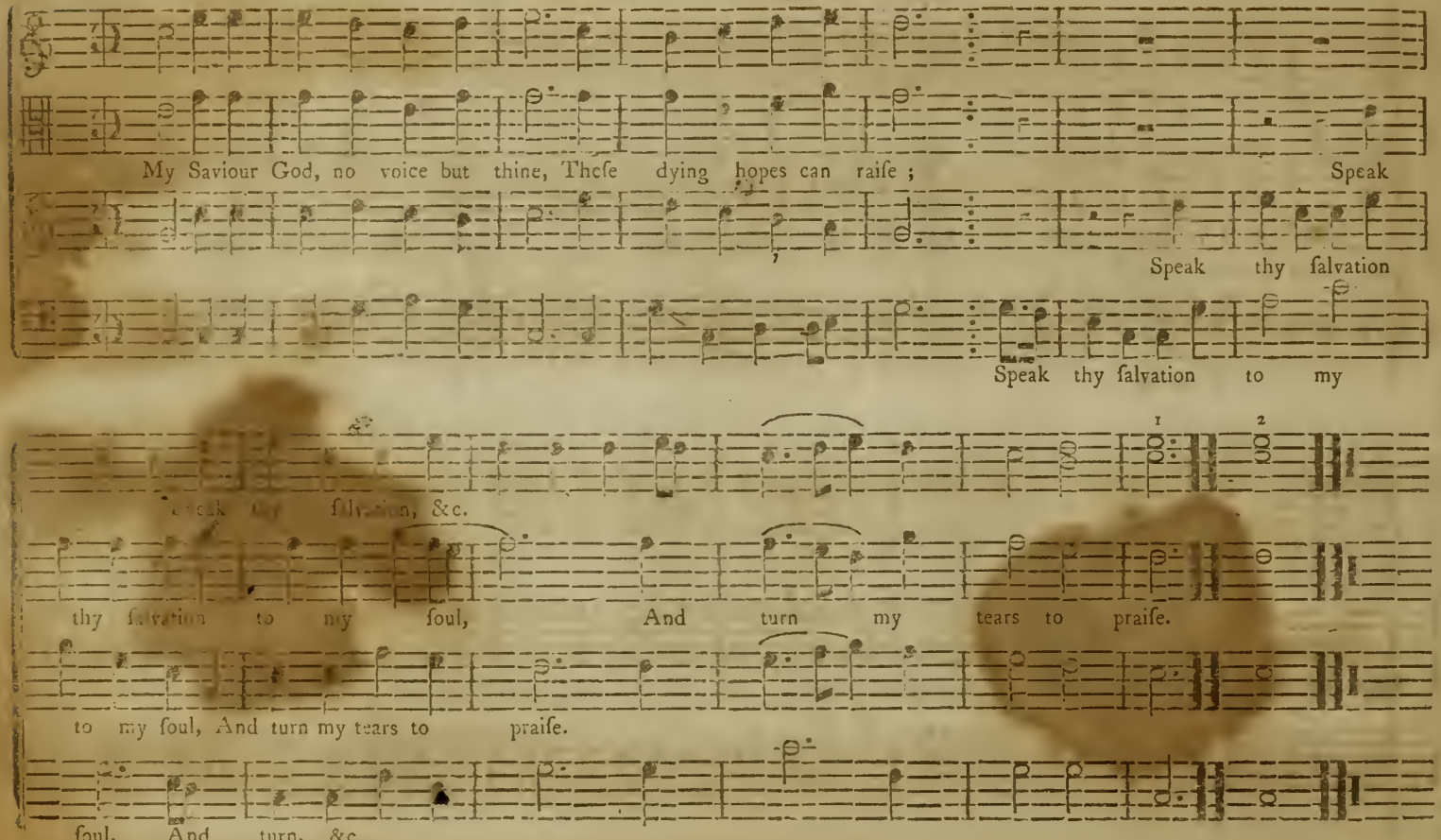
Treble and Baſs.

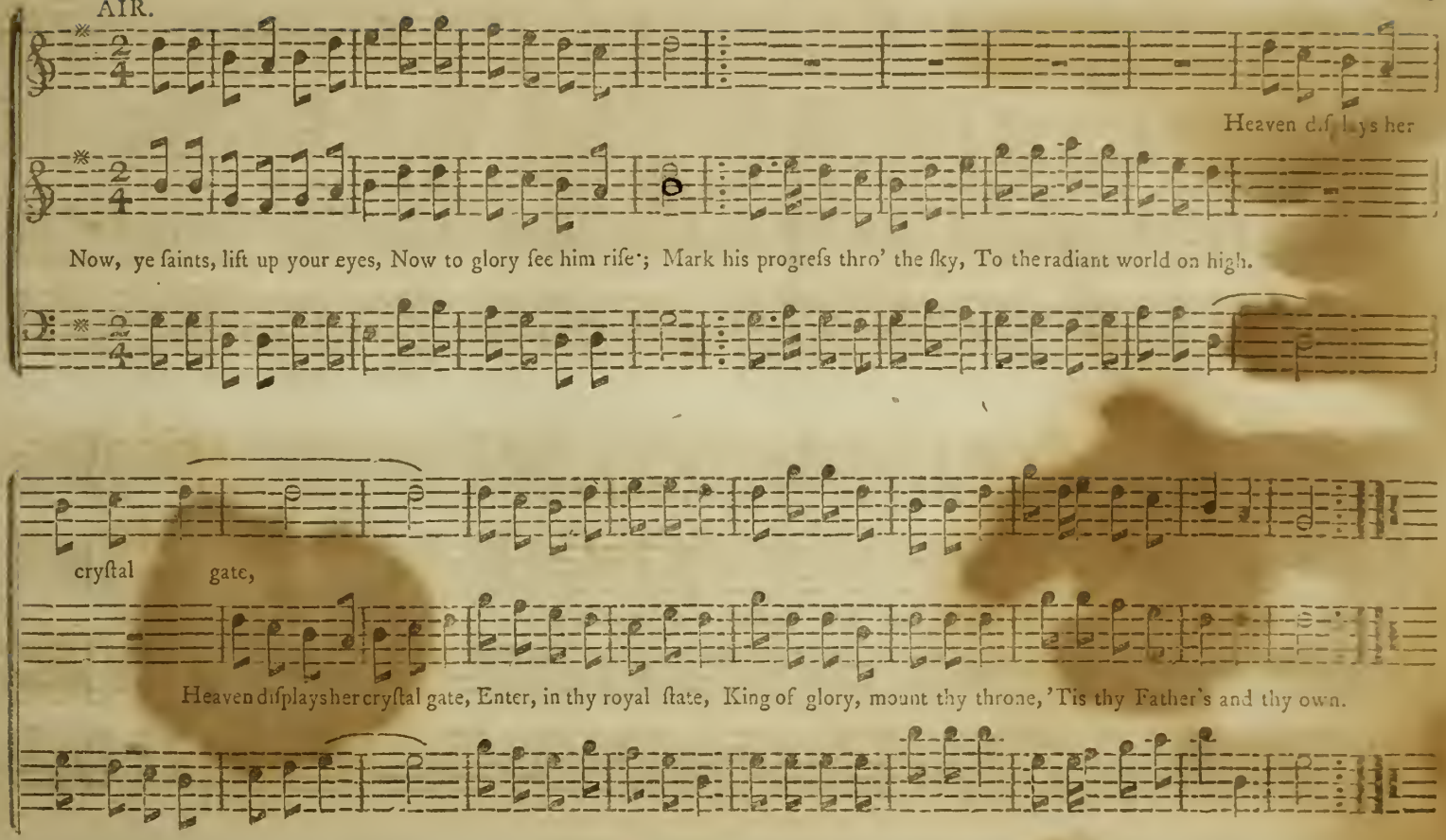


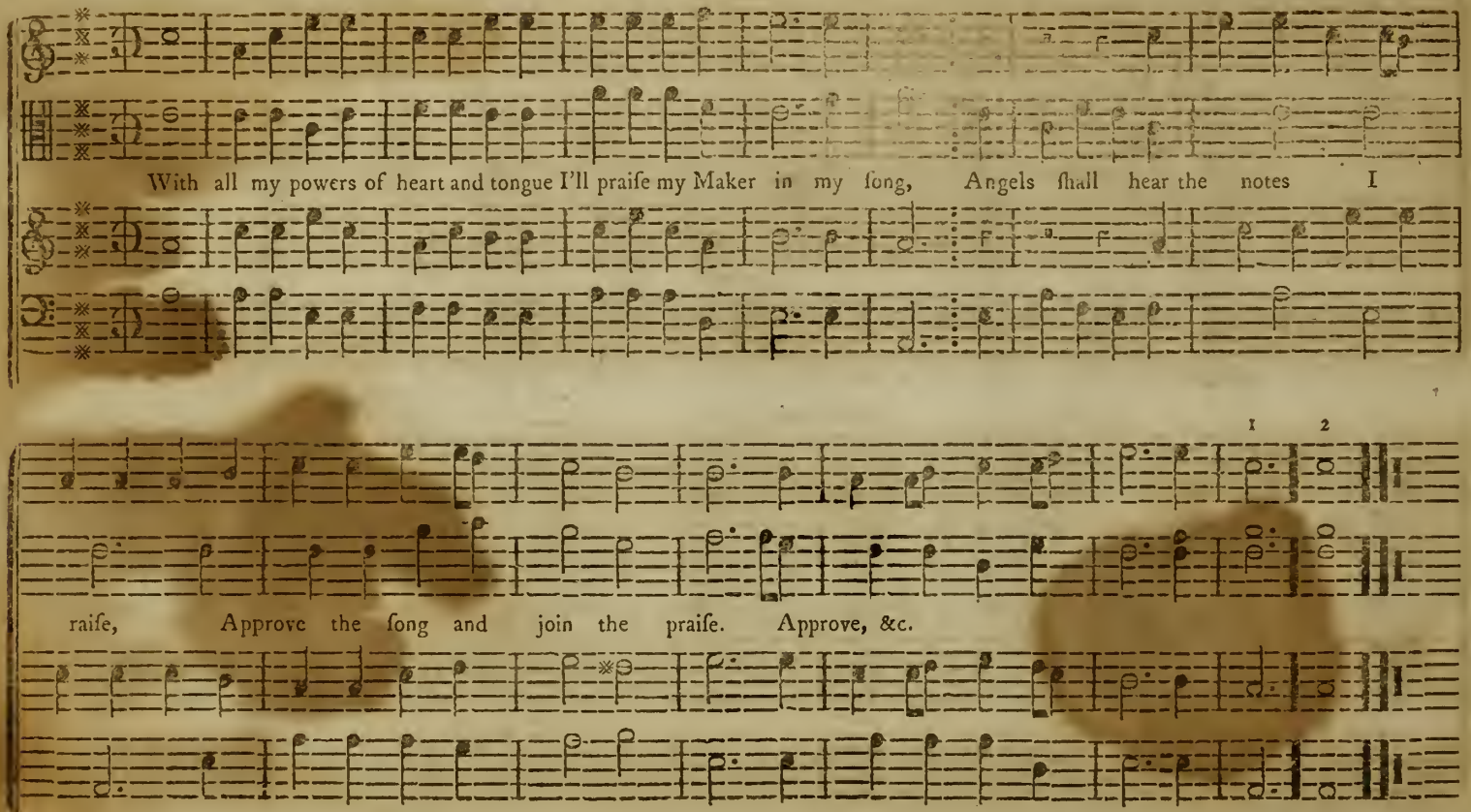
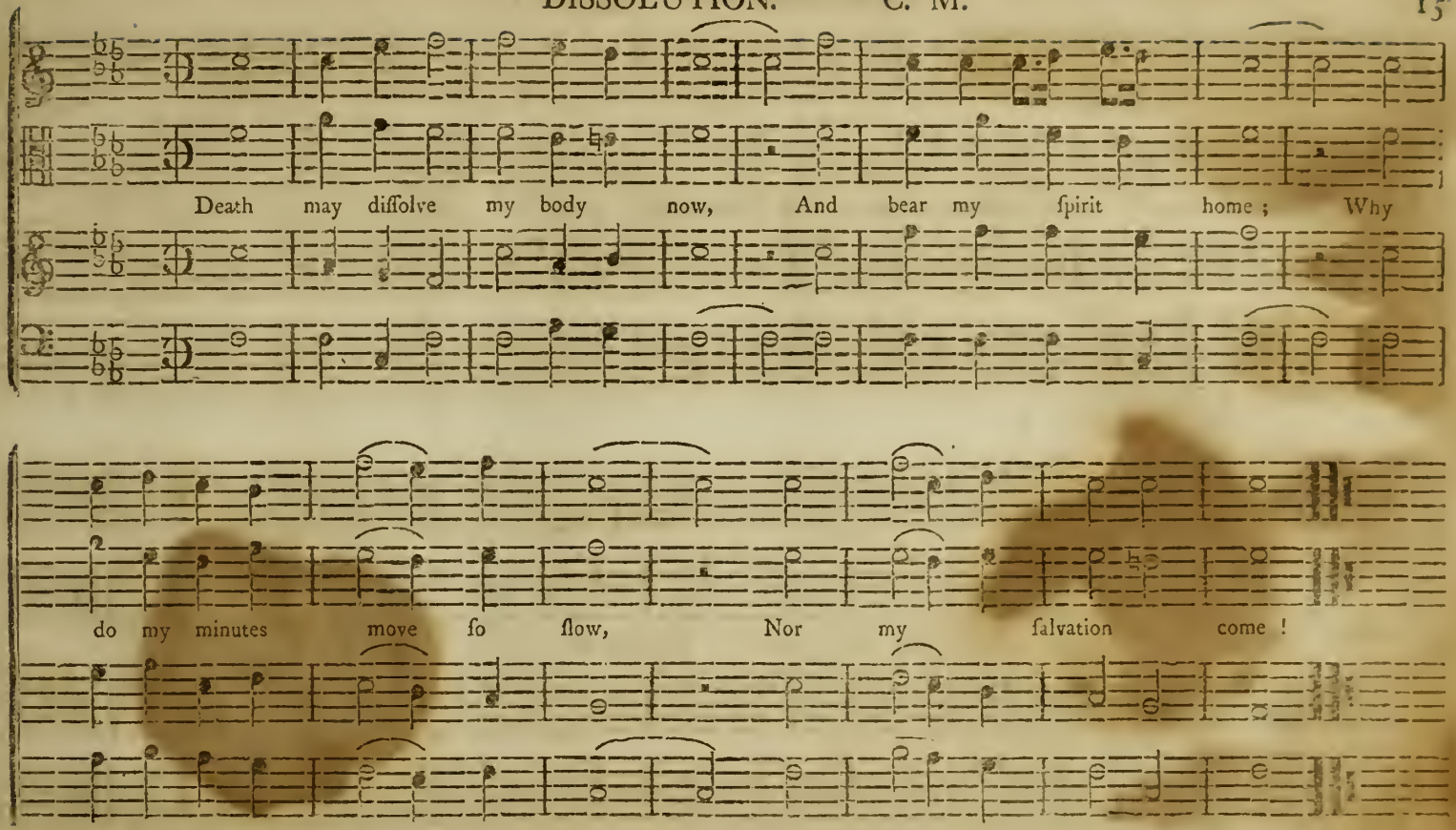
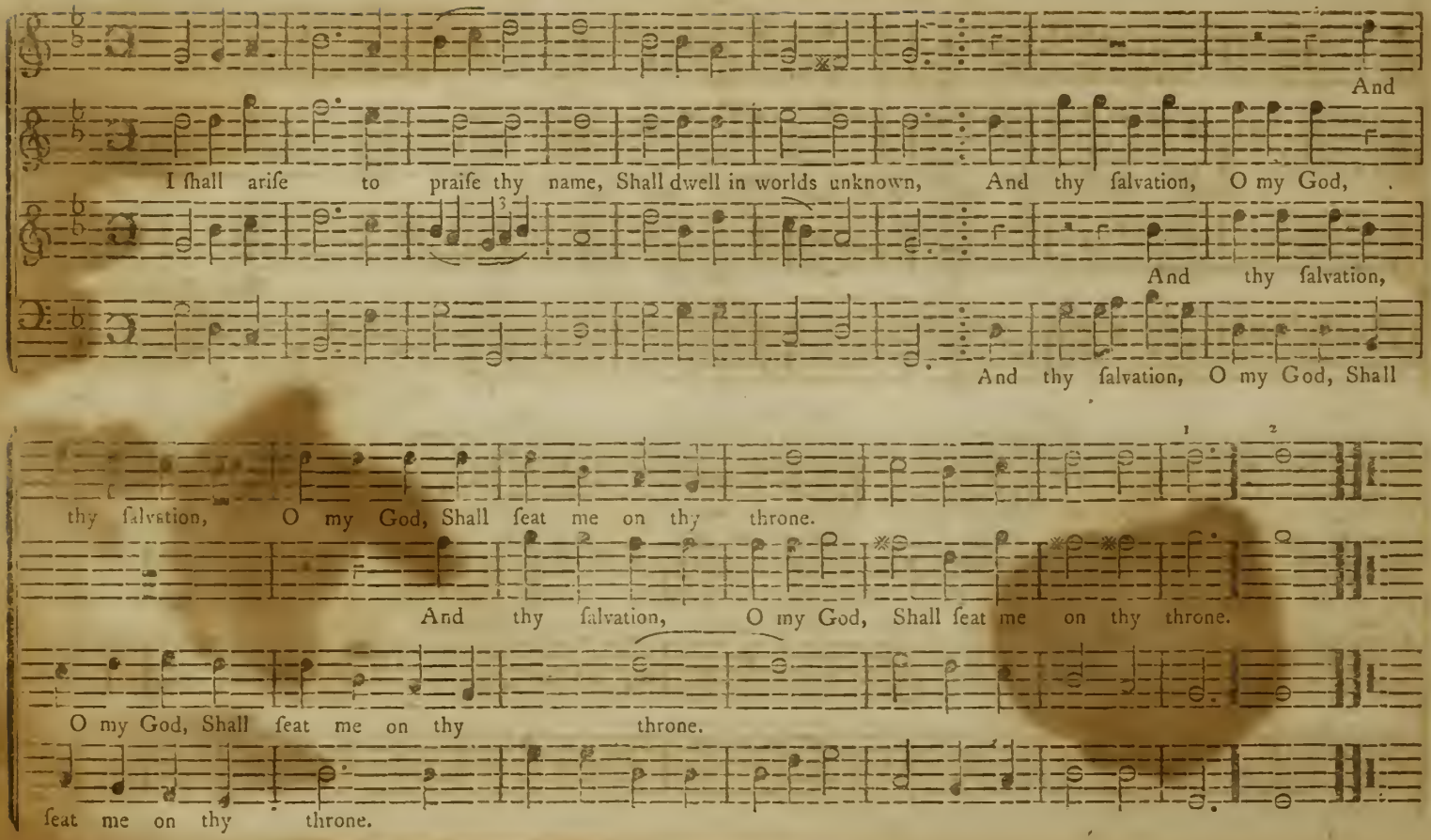
And his merciful kindneſs, his merciful kindneſs, his merciful kindneſs is ever more towards us; and the truth of the Lord endureth forever.

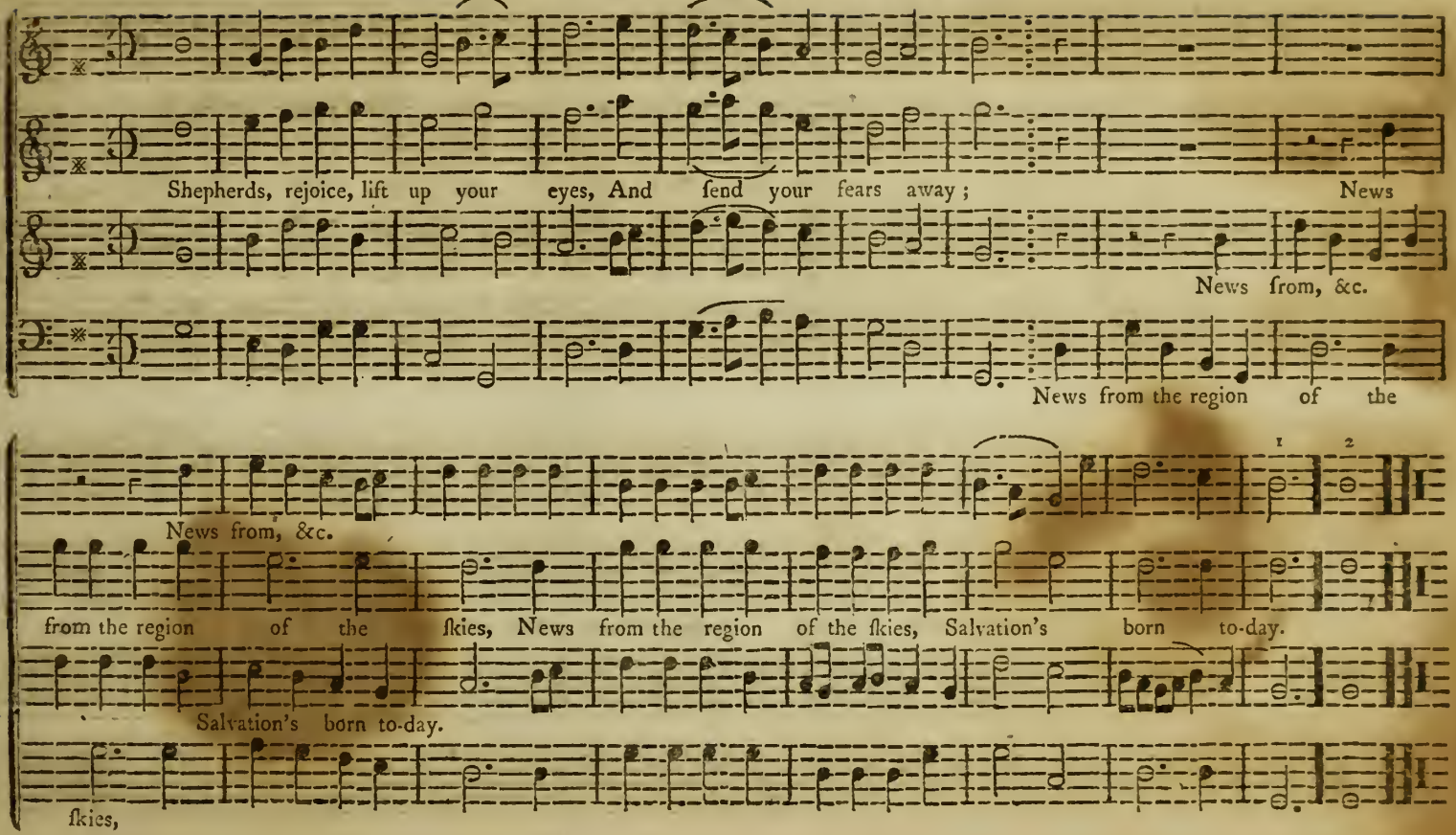
AIR.

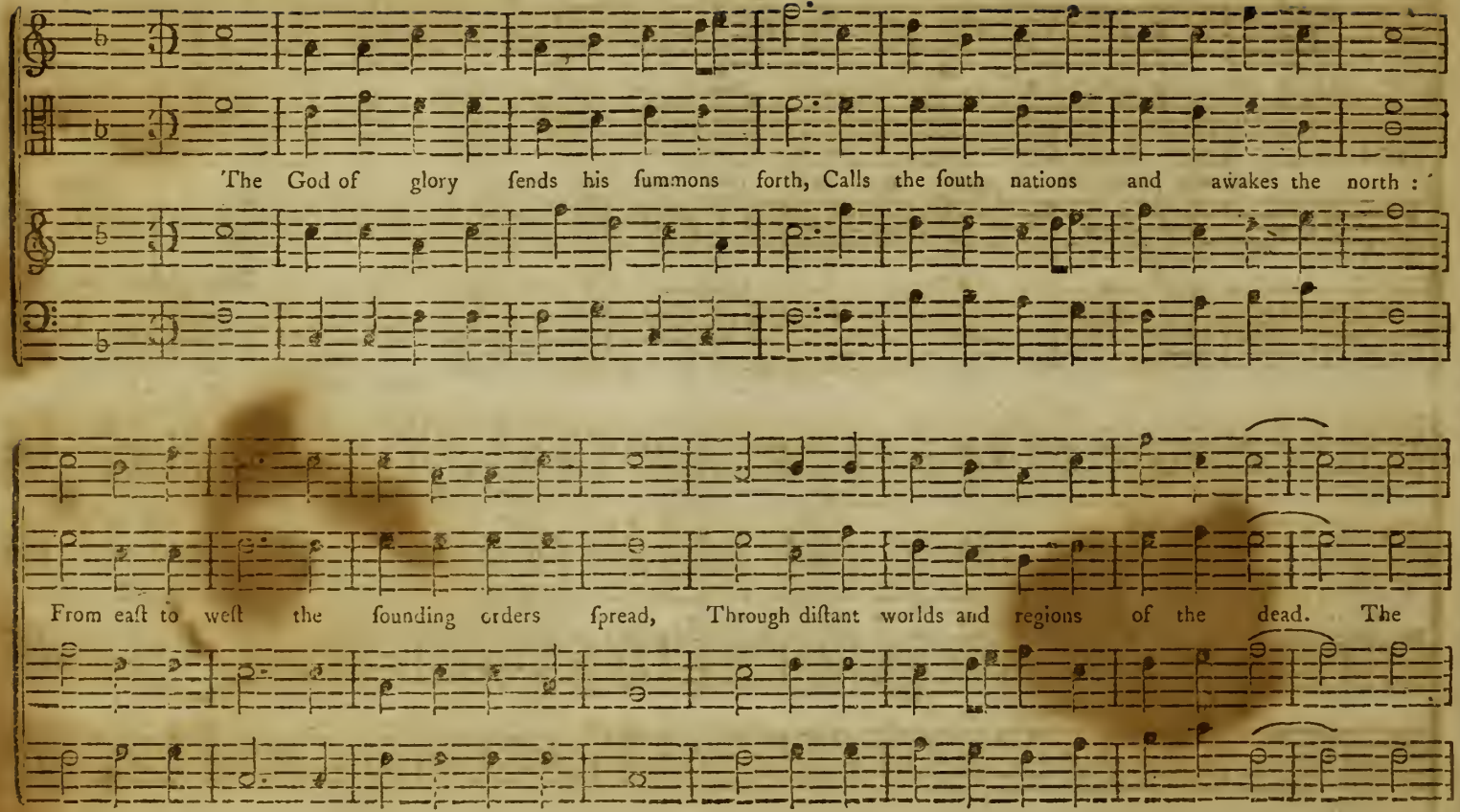


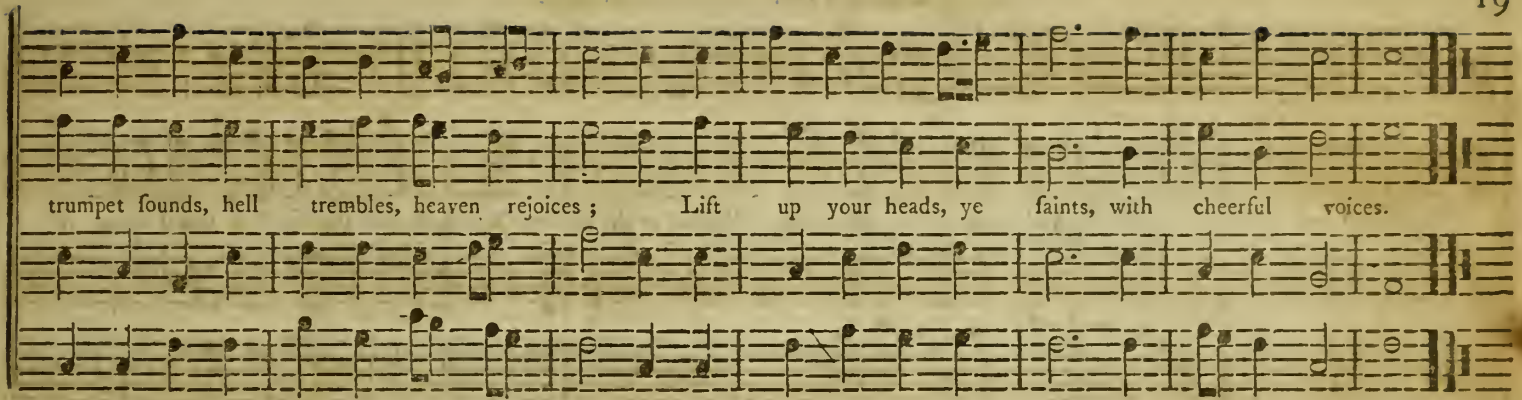
we will come into his preſence,
lujahs to the Lamb.
We will come into his preſence, with thankſgiving, we will come in-
We will come into his preſence,
to his preſence with thankſgiving, and re - - joice, let them rejoice that ſeek the Lord.

Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, amen, hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah,
Two Trebles. Sym.
hallelujah, amen, praiſe ye the Lord.

With trembling joy, &c.
Be wise, ye rulers, now, And worship at his throne;
With trembling joy, ye people, bow, With
With trembling joy, ye people, bow, With trembling, &c.
trembling joy. ye people, bow To God's exalted Son, To God's exalted Son.
trembling joy, &c.
B

At-
Jeſus, our God, aſcends on high, His heavenly guards around, Attend him riſing through the ſky,
Attend him riſing
Attend him riſing, &c.
1 2
tend him riſing through the ſky, With trumpet's joyful ſound,
Attend him riſing through the ſky, With trumpet's joyful ſound.
through the ſky, With trumpet's joyful ſound,
Attend him riſing, &c.

My feet
What ſhall I render to my God, For all his kindneſs ſhown? My feet ſhall viſit thine abode, My
1
2
ſongs addreſs thy throne. My feet, &c.

My Saviour God, no voice but thine, Theſe dying hopes can raiſe ; Speak
Speak thy ſalvation
Speak thy ſalvation to my
1
2
Speak thy ſalvation, &c.
thy ſalvation to my ſoul, And turn my tears to praiſe.
to my ſoul, And turn my tears to praiſe.
ſoul, And turn, &c

AIR.

Heaven d.ſ l.ys her
Now, ye ſaints, lift up your eyes, Now to glory ſee him riſe·; Mark his progreſs thro' the ſky, To the radiant world on high.
cryſtal gate,
Heaven diſplays her cryſtal gate, Enter, in thy royal ſtate, King of glory, mount thy throne, 'Tis thy Father's and thy own.

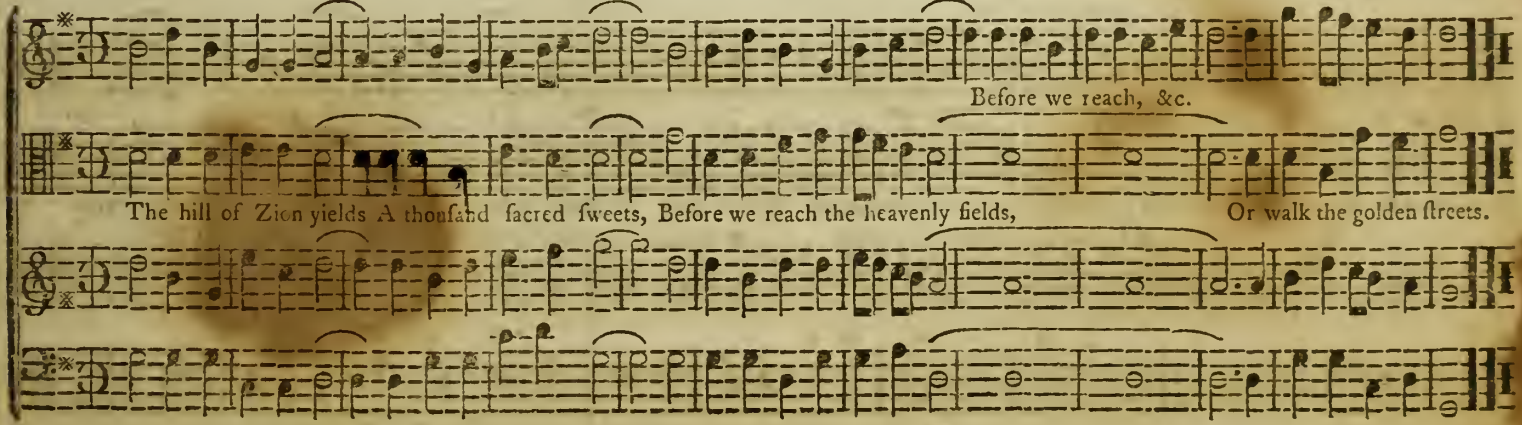

With all my powers of heart and tongue I'll praiſe my Maker in my ſong, Angels ſhall hear the notes I
1 2
raiſe, Approve the ſong and join the praiſe. Approve, &c.

Death may diſſolve my body now, And bear my ſpirit home; Why
do my minutes move ſo ſlow, Nor my ſalvation come!

I ſhall ariſe to praiſe thy name, Shall dwell in worlds unknown, And thy ſalvation, O my God,
And
And thy ſalvation,
And thy ſalvation, O my God, Shall
thy ſalvation, O my God, Shall ſeat me on thy throne.
And thy ſalvation, O my God, Shall ſeat me on thy throne.
O my God, Shall ſeat me on thy throne.
ſeat me on thy throne.


Shepherds, rejoice, lift up your eyes, And ſend your fears away; News
News from, &c.
News from the region of the
News from, &c.
from the region of the ſkies, News from the region of the ſkies, Salvation's born to-day.
Salvation's born to-day.
ſkies,

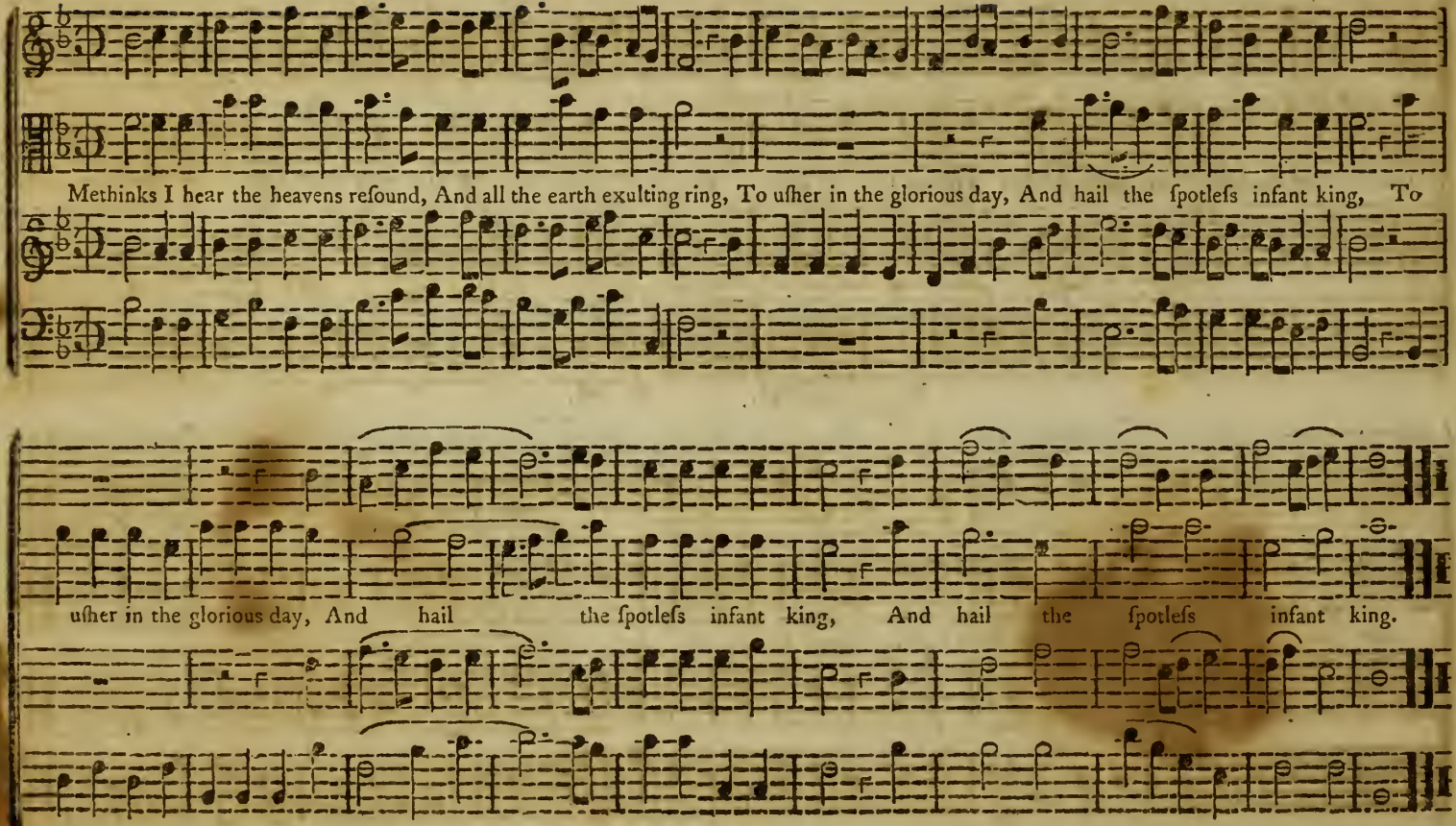
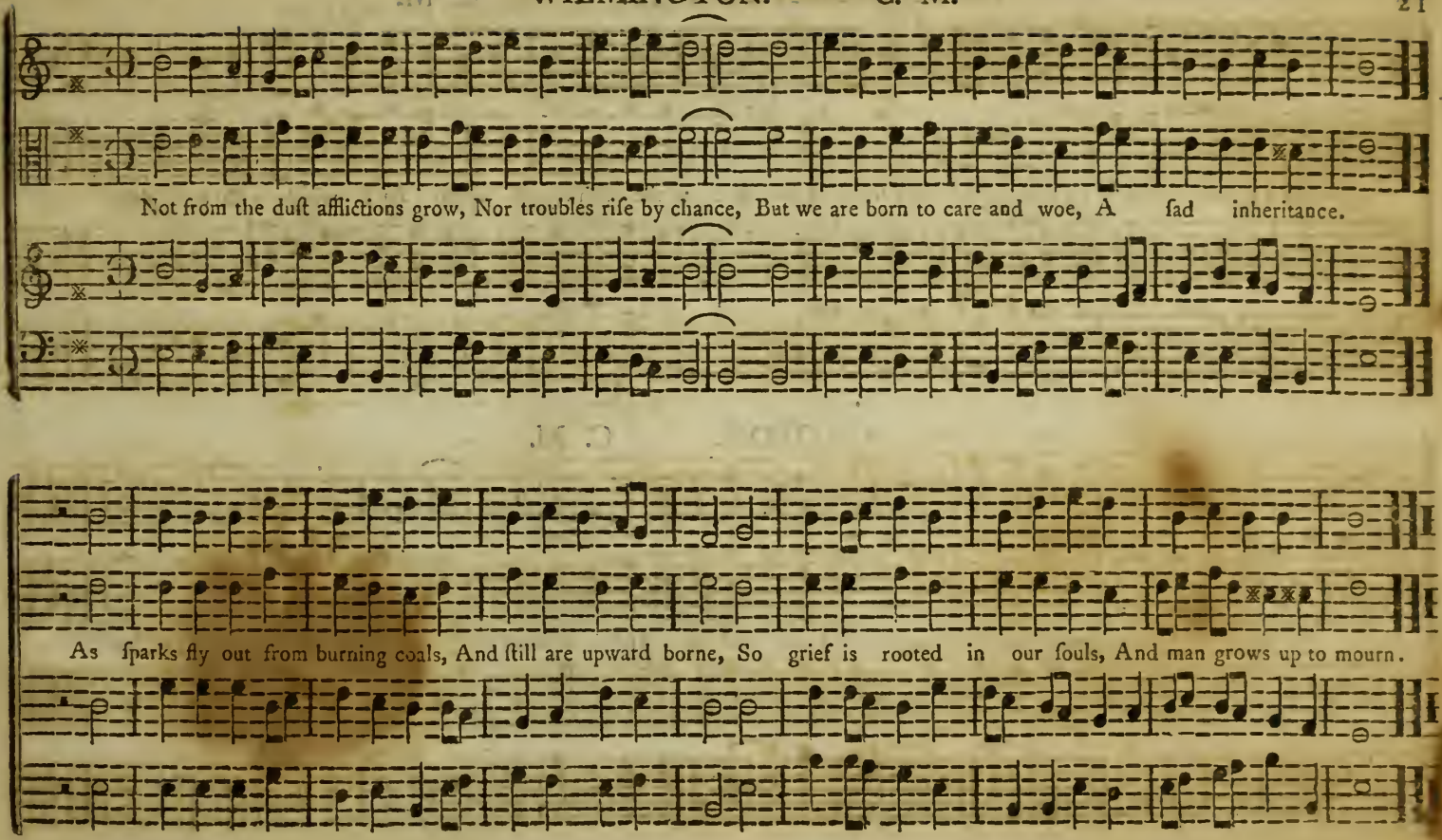

The God of glory ſends his ſummons forth, Calls the ſouth nations and awakes the north :
From eaſt to weſt the ſounding orders ſpread, Through diſtant worlds and regions of the dead. The


trumpet ſounds, hell trembles, heaven rejoices ; Lift up your heads, ye ſaints, with cheerful voices.

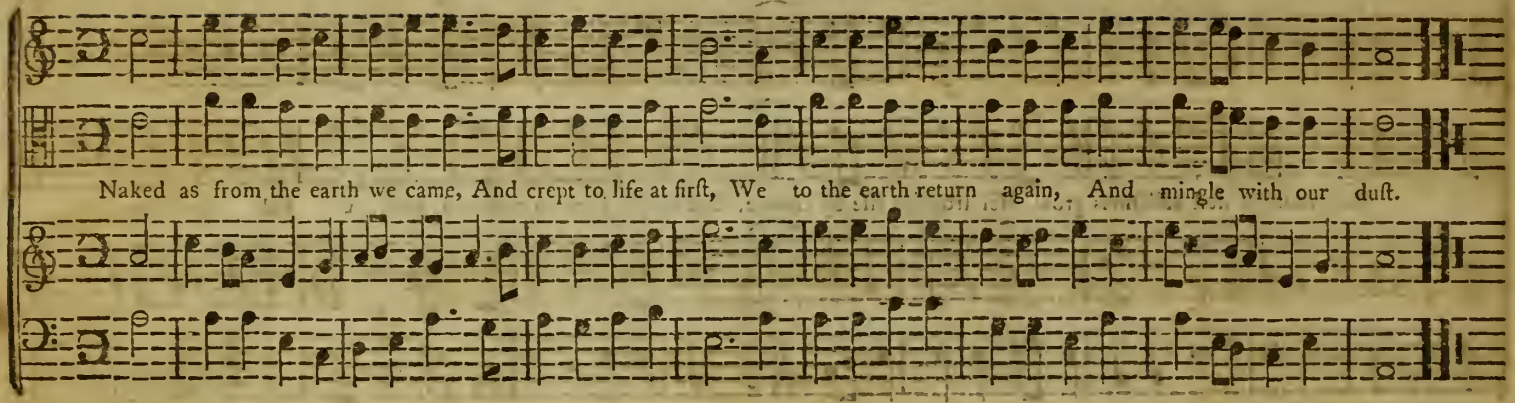
MEDFORD. S. M.


Before we reach, &c.
The hill of Zion yields A thouſand ſacred ſweets, Before we reach the heavenly fields, Or walk the golden ſtreets.

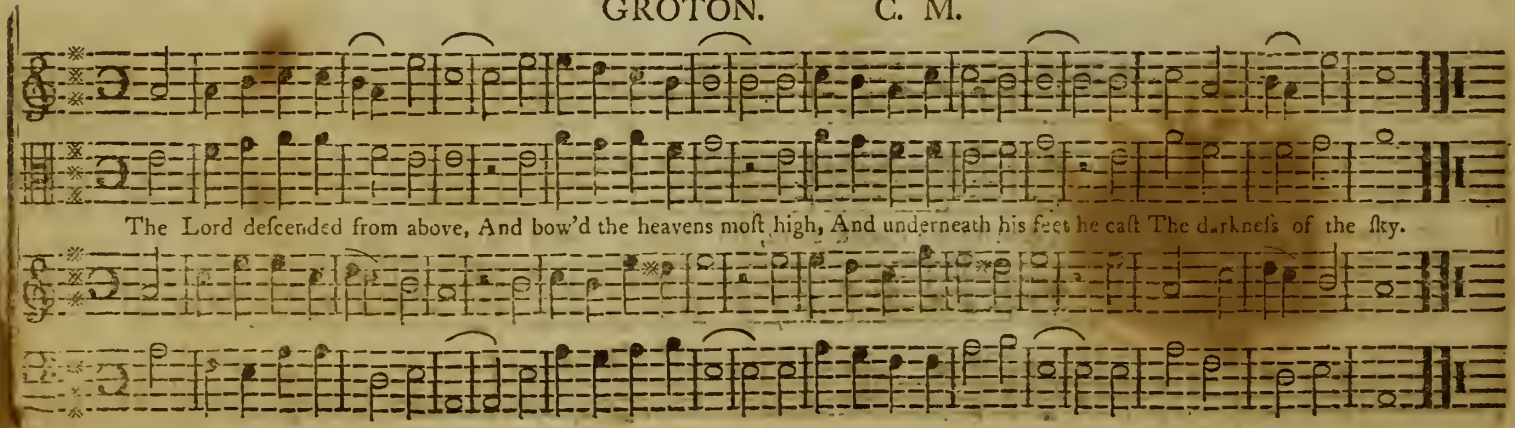
LONDON. L. M.

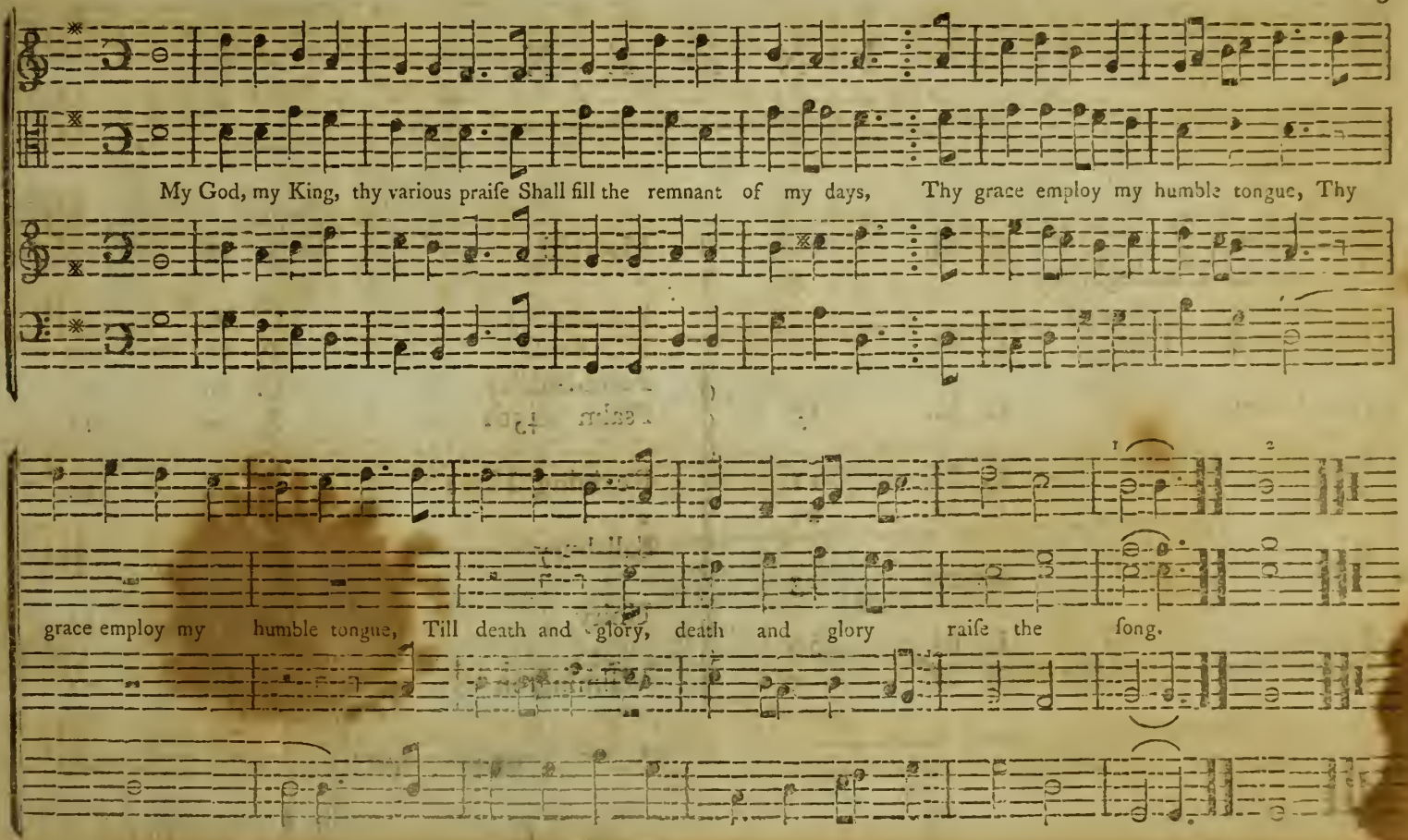

Methinks I hear the heavens reſound, And all the earth exulting ring, To uſher in the glorious day, And hail the ſpotleſs infant king, To
uſher in the glorious day, And hail the ſpotleſs infant king, And hail the ſpotleſs infant king.

Not from the duſt afflictions grow, Nor troubles riſe by chance, But we are born to care and woe, A ſad inheritance.
As ſparks fly out from burning coals, And ſtill are upward borne, So grief is rooted in our ſouls, And man grows up to mourn.

BRIGHT GOD OF DAY. C. M.



GROTON. C. M.




My God, my King, thy various praiſe Shall fill the remnant of my days, Thy grace employ my humble tongue, Thy
grace employ my humble tongue, Till death and glory, death and glory raiſe the ſong.

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